EDITORIAL: "CREEPING SOCIALISM"

the

Commonweal

JULIAN DUGUID

PORTRAIT OF AN AFRIKANER

ANDREW BOYLE

THE TORCH COMMANDOS

MORRISON COLLADAY
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THE Commonweal

week by week

"CREEPING SOCIALISM"

ALTHOUGH the internal split in Republican ranks has concentrated attention on the question of foreign policy, there is no secret about the broad outlines of the Republican position on domestic issues. The GOP has been sounding the theme of "Freedom or Socialism" for a long time, and with the hope of victory in the fall strong among them, there is no reason to think they are going to abandon their cry now.

During the coming campaign it is quite possible that the "Freedom or Socialism" tag may serve the Republicans quite well. It is terse, it is catchy, it is hard to forget. But effective or not, this Republican catch-phrase by its gross over-simplification distorts the truth.

The reasoning behind the "Freedom or Socialism" cry has it that there are two and only two possible positions on socio-economic matters. On the one hand there is true, one hundred per cent rugged individualism, completely free enterprise and no government intervention. On the other hand there is collectivism. Between these two poles, supposedly, there is possible only what Old Guard rhetoricians describe as "creeping Socialism" which leads inevitably to Communism.

Opponents of the New Deal used this kindergarten-level slide-rule all through the depression. As banks closed their doors throughout the country and mortgages were foreclosed in wholesale fashion, the new Administration was faced with a crucial situation. With millions of Americans unemployed and completely without resources, every New Deal effort to cope with the national emergency was condemned as an intolerable governmental invasion of economic life. Those who supported New Deal measures, from Social Security legislation to Public Housing laws, were denounced as Socialists.

Oddly enough, the frenzy of the opposition to the New Deal produced an unexpected effect. As the Old Guard cried "Wolf!" at each new measure, more and more depression-weary voters began to say, "If this is Socialism, give us more of it." It is quite possible that if the depression had kept on, the old-line Republicans would have won more converts for Socialism than its adherents in this country were ever able to manage.

To the rugged individualists, the ideal President was Calvin Coolidge. He said little, and he did nothing that in any way displeased them. Accustomed as they were to having things all their own way, it is no wonder the election of President Roosevelt hit them hard.

Enemies of the New Deal castigated it as a revolution. In a sense they were quite correct. Bloodless though it was, the New Deal represented a profound change in the spirit and direction of our government, which had paid lip-service to other national groups but had in fact largely represented the business point of view. In trying to meet the crisis of the depression, the New Deal changed all that, and it was for this offense that the Union League Club never forgave the late President Roosevelt.

Resented though it was, this change was long overdue, for the good of business as well as for the country at large. Unchecked, some business leaders seemed determined to prove that the harshest criticisms of the American system were true. In a very real sense, the New Deal may be said to have saved capitalism in spite of itself. Although some errors were almost unavoidable, the successes of the New Deal did give the lie to those who said that panic and depression must inevitably destroy capitalism. Thanks to the reforms of the thirties and forties, democratic capitalism received a new lease on life.

THE founders of this Republic were concerned, as this generation must also be concerned, with the problem of power. The power they knew and feared was that of the Leviathan. They dreaded the absolute state, and they devised a system of government designed to check any future growth of such power.

Since their time our problems have multiplied. Today the decisions made by the managers of giant corporations may affect the individual more directly and painfully than do many actions of his government. It is impossible to ignore the fact that such

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concentrated economic power poses a threat to individual liberty, just as does unchecked political power. As a result, it is now necessary to guard against the domination of the individual by private power as well as by public authority.

Today the cry of "Wolf!" is heard once more throughout the land, as it was in President Roosevelt's day. But in spite of all the full-page ads and the campaign oratory, the choice is really not between nineteenth-century individualism and Socialism. To a large extent, what the New Deal did was to secure an uneasy balance between private power and public authority. This still leaves unsolved many basic problems, but the achievement of this balance, shaky as it sometimes seems, was a genuine accomplishment which should not be repudiated.

MILLIONS OF STOCKHOLDERS

IT is not stretching things too much to say that a wide distribution of both consumers goods and productive property has long been a national ideal. And in the past decade our vaunted American living standards have come to be within reach of an increasingly high percentage of this country's urban and rural families. The gap between workers and executives in regard to income and manner of living is continually narrowing. The contrast between rich and poor which plagues such nations as those of Latin America, the Middle East and the Far East, continues to diminish in these United States.

Where productive property is concerned, however, distribution is much more confined. The Brookings Institution has just produced figures to show the extent to which capital is divided in this country. The word is that the number of individual stockholders turned out to be less than half as extensive as it had been hoped; the 6,490,000 owners of corporate shares represent but one out of every sixteen American adults. So that while it is false to attack the present American system as wholly in the hands of a few Wall Street tycoons (a la Moscow), it is also misleading to make the diffusion of productive property in this country so great that "all of us benefit from the prosperity of the great corporations, whose operation is made possible by our savings" (to quote a leading metropolitan daily). But many of us do contribute to the prosperity of the great corporations.

For ownership of productive property to be an effective function it would seem that a certain sense of ownership and responsibility would be required. Yet the Brookings report indicates that more stockholders (twenty-eight per cent) have bought their shares for speculative purposes than for any other single reason. This would limit the number of active shareholders in American business still further.

But the irony of it all is that the big corporations with the greatest number of stockholders have the easiest time keeping control of their vast operations in a few hands. To organize opposition to management on even a single issue becomes virtually impossible. So that if the number of shareholders were materially to increase, it would mean nothing more than wider distribution of the profits of industry—along lines which management periodically hands down.

What is lacking in this country is a strong feeling for responsible ownership. Tenancy still runs high in both town and country. Much of our property is heavily mortgaged. Buying on the instalment plan runs into the billions year after year; many enterprises are dependent on this form of extending credit. And by the time a TV set is paid for, for instance, the owner is usually ready to turn it in for a new model and another protracted series of instalment payments.

The big companies naturally like to keep on running their affairs in their own untrammeled way. Stockholders appear content with the dividend checks which consistently materialize each quarter and an annual report which summarizes successful operations very briefly and neatly. Workers are still too intent on wages and hours to give much thought to any idea of participation in management; even profit-sharing arouses little interest with them as an idea. So that little demand exists for corporate setups of a more democratic structure, particularly as long as wages and dividends continue comparatively high. Yet developments in American capitalism in a more distributist direction embody some of its most solid hopes for the future.

NEXT WEEK

SAMUEL J. T. MILLER writes about certain European efforts toward Christian reunion.

"Among Roman Catholics one limited manifestation of the irenical trend has come about through the work of scholarly individuals who seek, not honey with which to coat over Catholic dogma, but a reasonable and Christian investigation of certain problems of fact. These can form the basis of discussion between Catholics and Protestants who, by a proper attention to historic Christianity, have come to see that the Lutheran, Calvinistic and Anglican movements of the sixteenth century had not only good effects, from a strictly limited point of view, but tragic ones as well."

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THE TIME IS NOW

AMBASSADOR Chester Bowles of India recently returned to this country for a brief visit. Reportedly one of the unannounced purposes of his trip was to sound out the possibilities of increased aid to India. But the political climate in Washington is hardly favorable to the idea of further spending for foreign aid, and if Ambassador Bowles really had such a purpose in mind, he did not publicly declare it.

Whether Ambassador Bowles' intentions were reliably reported or not, the matter has considerable significance. India stands today poised between East and West, her future uncertain. Her friendship cannot be bought, but there is little room to doubt that economic collapse would force her closer to the ever-waiting arms of the Soviet.

Although there is no fighting there, the position of India today is in some ways reminiscent of that of China in the years before the Communist successes. Poised between an inadequate agrarianism and a hardly-begun industrialism, India is feeling her way toward a new kind of life, and in guiding the country in the years immediately ahead, her leaders face tasks that stagger the imagination.

In this situation the United States has an opportunity for decisive action at once humanitarian and in our own national interest. But when the subject of aid to India arises, the silence of some of the more articulate critics of the Administration's record on China is positively deafening. Such silence is hardly likely to win them an attentive audience for their after-the-fact wisdom, nor to persuade one of their objectivity.

Certainly any past mistakes in the conduct of our foreign policy should be explored thoroughly, with an eye to preventing similar errors in the future. But the fate of India is still in the balance. The time to speak on her behalf is now, not in a post-mortem session five or ten years hence.

WHO ARE THE "SUBVERSIVES"?

THERE has been much discussion during the last few years of the teaching profession as the most grossly underpaid in the country. Despite the widespread deploring of this situation, little has been done toward any real elimination of the economic hardships involved in a teaching career. In most communities the teacher continues as the "poor relation" of the other professional people.

Now a new onus is being added to the teacher's already unhappy lot. In addition to his being the most underpaid, he is rapidly becoming the most politically suspect member of many local communities.

The evidence of this new burden was presented at the National Education Association's recent annual convention—and the evidence was real. Attacks on "subversive" teachers and attempts to censor controversial texts are growing to the proportion of a national threat. The attacks come from various self-appointed groups, frequently acting in the name of "Americanism." The "subversive" teaching activities include the use of textbooks sympathetic in their treatment of the New Deal, and instruction on the aims of the UN.

Yielding to super-patriotic pressure groups, the Los Angeles school board has banned the use of any UNESCO material, and in Houston, Texas, high school students were barred from participating in a UN essay contest. Vigorous pressure has been brought to bear against teachers accused of such "un-American" attitudes as support of an internationalist foreign policy. The most recent, and blistering, attack on American teachers was made in the June issue of the American Legion Magazine, in which the profession is denounced as a propaganda force for "Socialism" in the United States.

It seems time to ask who are the really "subversive" elements in American society. The teacher in America has been loyal to his country in all but an infinitesimally small number of instances. The efforts of those who now denounce him as "un-American" for holding attitudes more liberal than their own narrow definitions must be opposed with great vigor and indignation. Such attacks on legitimate intellectual and cultural freedom in the nation's schools constitute one of the most thoroughly subversive threats operating on the American scene today.

THE UNITED STATES AS A HAVE-NOT

TO learn that this nation is no longer self-sufficient in basic raw materials could inspire a certain feeling of panic. Of course, there have been certain vital commodities such as tin, natural rubber and manganese which had to be obtained for American industry from foreign sources. But the United States has long been the exemplar of a well endowed "have" nation in contrast with those that "have not." World War II and rearmament for defense against the Soviet Union are primarily responsible for our new dependence upon sources beyond our borders for such basic industrial ingredients as iron ore, petroleum, newsprint and a whole list of critical non-ferrous metals.

"Have-not" is a term with emotional overtones.

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It has provided adventurers, East and West, with slogans with which to arouse warlike sentiments on the part of their peoples. Here in America it will undoubtedly lead many to take new alarm at the realization that we have so expended our rich substance. It raises fears for continued maintenance of our exalted standard of living and reawakens our chronic longings for an isolation that will never again be possible.

On the other hand the realization of our heavy dependence on the outside world for essential materials can have results that are wholesome. The fact that we need the produce of other lands, just as they need ours, makes for mutual respect all round. It means that American policy toward other nations will lose its emergency character. We shall stop blowing hot and cold, cultivating potentially helpful friends as crises arise and gradually drifting off as the pressure eases.

If we can remain aware of our dependence on others, we shall also become more internationally minded. Fewer Americans will be able to speak and act as if the rest of the world could go hang. All this does not mean that for military reasons (in case communications should be interrupted) we should neglect research into synthetic substitutes for a single instant. But it does imply that the shortages in basic materials disclosed by Mr. Truman's Materials Policy Commission should, if heeded, reorient the American public regarding our unvarying stakes all over the world.

THE NEED FOR REALIGNMENTS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S arch-villain in the 1948 campaign was the Republican-dominated Eightieth Congress. To it Mr. Truman attributed most of our national ills, and his whistle-stop crusade called for the election of a "liberal" Democratic national legislature.

The crusade was successful—on paper. But the Eighty-second Congress leaves a record which is anything but spectacular for its progressive accomplishments, and though party loyalty may forbid Mr. Truman's applying it, his famous "do-nothing" castigation describes this Congress as aptly as it did his 1948 *bete noire*.

Most of the Eighty-second Congress's energy was devoted to investigation and denunciation. What interest it took in legislation included the reluctant passage of badly curtailed foreign aid and defense appropriations, and the extension of crippled price controls, but it resolutely refused to consider the major items embodied in the 1948 Democratic platform. Its general treatment of the Executive's recommendations was brusque and unyielding. Indeed, a cynical observer might conclude from the Eighty-second's record that the American Congress had become an adjunct of the FBI, and that its pleasure in this new role left little inclination for its old-fashioned legislative functions. The denunciation of sin is, after all, an easier pursuit than the building of virtue.

All this illustrates how meaningless party labels have become in the United States. Our two major parties are really nightmare reconciliations of impossibly incompatible elements. One need only contemplate the inclusion of Senators Morse, Tobey and Ives in the same political fold as McCarthy, Jenner and Bricker, or, on the other side, of Senators Lehman, Benton, and Moody in the same camp with McCarran, Byrd, and McKellar, to realize the extent of the nightmare.

This artificial union of the essentially disunited renders party platforms and legislative control largely meaningless. The same ultra-conservative coalition dominated the Eighty-second Congress as had reduced the Eightieth to impotence, and in both instances this coalition blocked the liberal aims of men from both parties. It is true, of course, that the coalition included more Republicans than it did Democrats, but this does not alter the basic fact that membership in either party is no longer a trustworthy index to a man's political positions.

Disturbed by this paralyzing situation, seven of the most distinguished and vigorously liberal Democrats in the Senate have demanded that no compromise be made with the conservative elements in their own party. They have insisted that the Democratic platform and nominee speak boldly for the progressive traditions of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations.

If, as seems likely, the recommendations of these Senators are followed, a real break in the Solid South may result. There seems to be increasing evidence that large numbers of Southern voters are ready to place their political allegiance where it logically belongs. A genuine two party system may thus begin to emerge in the South.

Unless the Democratic Party becomes, in fact as well as in profession, the unashamedly liberal party, and the Republicans the forthrightly conservative, the present illogical character of American politics may have disastrous results. Positions must be made clear, and, regardless of traditional geographic allegiance, political realignments must be made. The alternative to this is a continuation of the "do nothing" character of Congress until the inevitable third party is formed to take an uncompromising stand based on the realities of political differences among Americans.

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Portrait of an Afrikaner

"WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, HE AND THOUSANDS LIKE HIM WILL DECIDE THE FATE OF SOUTH AFRICA"

JULIAN DUGUID

CORNELIUS VAN DER MERWE looked out through the carriage window with a farmer's gloomy eye. As our train pulled across the Transvaal, on its way from Pretoria to Pietersburg, he stared at the yellow countryside which should have been deep in grass. He noted the isolated farms, the cattle standing near the waterholes that were already beginning to shrink; the clusters of native huts, which stood half a mile from the farmsteads, and were built of earth, with tin roofs, on which boulders were piled against the wind. As we passed, some native children waved; but they were not waving at us. They were greeting other natives in their separate, inferior compartments a little farther down the train.

Cornelius van der Merwe was a sun-darkened, slow-moving man, about fifty years of age. He spoke briefly and bitterly of the drought: of how many cattle it would kill, and how many people would go hungry; and then he pushed it aside. He was accustomed to dealing with nature, and had been all his life. He turned his attention to me. Was it true that Dr. Malan was becoming unpopular in England? If he was, why was it so? It was surely obvious to anyone who knew anything at all about South Africa that Dr. Malan knew the answers. The country was growing tired of ill-informed pin-pricks from London.

Mr. van der Merwe paused before adding darkly, but with a perfectly friendly smile, that the English coddled natives. They thought they were equal to white men. He finished his first assault by quoting some simple arithmetic. There were eight and a half million natives in South Africa: only two and a half million whites. Would our intellectuals be so keen on giving the black man the vote if there were one hundred and eighty million natives in the British Isles? Of course not. The thing was preposterous. He was courteous, cheerful, and adamant. Dr. Malan's was the only way.

I felt that here was my chance to try to understand the Afrikaner. We had a whole day to ourselves; and these self-reliant up-country men of Dutch extraction are the force that keeps the Government in office. He was willing, even eager, to instruct me; for the critics in London had annoyed him. They seemed to him wilfully wrong.

The first thing one noticed about Mr. van der Merwe was the depth of his estrangement from the English. He did not dislike them personally; but his roots were colonial-Dutch. He had not a drop of English blood. He spoke with a guttural accent, stumbling a little with his words because the language of his home was Afrikaans. He thought in Afrikaans. He read newspapers in Afrikaans. He talked English only to Englishmen.

Moreover, the story of his ancestors—and a heroic story it is—was a living and passionate trust to be handed intact to his children. For him, the ox-wagons still trundled across the dusty plains of the Transvaal or were hauled through the passes of the Drakensberg. And always, or nearly always, they had trundled away from the English.

To Cornelius van der Merwe the English were arch-interferers in matters that they did not understand. It began in the nineteenth century, when they freed the slaves at the Cape and cheated on compensation. They said that the Dutch could have their money if they came to London to fetch it. How could farmers spare the time to go to London?

When, weary of English rule, the Dutch spread east along the coast, the English followed them relentlessly: first to Port Elizabeth and East London, then north into what is now Natal. Here they met the downsurge of Africans, the Zulus under Chaka and Dingaan, who were not the original inhabitants but, rather, simultaneous invaders. In their methods of dealing with these natives they drifted farther apart.

THE English were traders and administrators: the Dutch, for the most part, were farmers. The English lived in the towns: the Dutch as far away as possible from those who collected taxes.

The Dutch had a passion for solitary living, for the new land on the frontier, for those strange and exciting valleys where they could not see their neighbor's smoke. The dangers were therefore uneven. The natives were

Mr. Duguid, a well known world traveler and journalist, is the author of "Green Hell."

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fierce and well disciplined. They had the pride of a military race, but they seldom attacked the towns. They were cruel and treacherous and savage and they often came raiding cattle. The farmers lived alone in perpetual fear of attack: of rape and massacre and pillage.

Nor did Mr. van der Merwe's ancestors think the English were helpful. It was the missionary streak which infuriated them. The English were always bringing clergymen who held the queer and ignorant belief that natives could be trained to develop on the same lines as white men. The Dutch had their missionaries, too, but they did not believe in that.

So the Dutch moved on once again. Their wagons groaned across the Orange River and, later, across the Vaal. Here they hoped to be left alone; but again the English pursued them. This time, it was diamonds in Kimberley and gold on the Witwatersrand. Were they never to be left in peace?

Up till now, Cornelius van der Merwe had spoken without much bitterness. It was the background of his people he was telling me: why he disagreed with the English in the matter of native management. At this point, he altered visibly. His mouth tightened, and his eyes became hard. He had arrived at that unfortunate war, which we call the Boer War and have forgotten, but which he called the War of Independence.

It was clear that Mr. van der Merwe had not forgotten the war, and I see no reason why he should. It was the most crushing event of his childhood. The young Cornelius was born in an English concentration camp, not very far from Pretoria. Two of his brothers died there. His father's farmhouse was burned, his cattle and crops removed, a month before the Peace of Vereeniging.

To many who had suffered like this it was no use pointing out the English higher strategy. That the war could not be ended while commandos could return to their houses was true but hardly acceptable. That medical knowledge was primitive, that English troops died in camp from the same crippling epidemics, was not remembered by the burghers whose families had perished in captivity.

Cornelius grew up in this atmosphere of hatred in the shadow of defeat. The English instinct to shake hands with those they have beaten in war was a deeply humiliating irritation. To the van der Merwe family, and to hundreds of thousands like them, the war continued for decades. It is still by no means dead.

To people such as this, General Smuts was not a statesman who healed the wounds of war, but something approaching a traitor. He made friends with the enemy too soon. His attempts to weld Boer and English into united white South Africans was misunderstood on the *veld*. He had great success in the towns, but not in the nationalist countryside. There, dreams are dreamed of a republic, with the true Afrikaner in control: the man who has never knuckled under to the weakening ideas of Europe. The Afrikaner himself is divided into moderate and extremist; and Cornelius van der Merwe was extremist. He needed the hope of a republic to make up for the war that had been lost.

WHEN I asked Mr. van der Merwe to explain *apartheid* to me, his eyes brightened at once. It was the center and heart of his creed. He had a genuine love for the natives who worked on his farm near Pietersburg, and he knew how backward they were. He thought of them as his children, and he felt himself deeply responsible.

He was not sentimental about them. He believed that God made them different: to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the always superior white man. That being so, it followed with ruthless logic that there should be no physical mixing. Mating of any kind, in marriage or concubinage, had been made a criminal offense. No white might mingle blood with native or Indian or colored.

It was also an obvious conclusion that they should not live together. They should have separate areas in the towns where each could live his own life. Again it was a matter of arithmetic to Cornelius van der Merwe: eight and a half million natives and two and a half million whites must stay apart forever if the whites were not to be submerged. A coffee-colored South Africa was to him an unmentionable horror; and he saw that to give the vote to a native, however far advanced, must sooner or later give the power to the overwhelming blacks.

With honest bitterness Mr. van der Merwe added that the English-speaking South Africans had no right to judge *apartheid*. If the worst came to the worst, they could find a home in England or in other parts of the Commonwealth. Afrikaners had no such retreat. They belonged to the soil they had conquered. They had nowhere else to go. They could no more return to Holland than a French-Canadian to France. It was, therefore, for them to decide how to handle the weight of the natives. They had vastly more at stake.

That settled, Cornelius van der Merwe relaxed a little in his seat. He was certain that he was correct, and indignant at foreign suggestions that natives were in any way oppressed. There had never been lynching in South Africa. There were more, and better, schools than anywhere else on the continent. Even the Protectorate natives, from Swaziland and Basutoland, came voluntarily to work in the Union. Did that look as though they felt like slaves?

Besides, the labor of the natives was necessary to keep the country going. South African economy would crash without natives on the farms and in the mines. And that crash would involve the natives. They had

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neither initiative nor skill to survive if the whites went under.

I heard a subtly different version from some heads of the Dutch Reformed Church: the most powerful church in the country. They believe very strongly in *apartheid*. They will countenance no mixing of blood. They approve the Group Areas Act, by which whites, coloreds, Indians and natives must live in separate districts. But they go much farther than that.

At a conference held in Bloemfontein, they found no New Testament sanction for white men to live on the labor of their less-developed brothers. They saw no reason to doubt that natives could rise to great heights in their own black communities. They did not find black men inferior, but only backward—and different. They had the courage to say so outright. They demand that as soon as possible the groups shall be self-supporting: that whites as well as natives shall work their own farms and mines.

It is only fair to add that when they told Dr. Malan,[1] who was himself a Predikant, or Minister, in the Church, he replied that it was not practical. When I asked their view on this, they shied away quickly and nervously. Many that I met seemed troubled in conscience at the way in which things were going.

WHEN all is said, however, it is Cornelius van der Merwe, and the thousands who think as he does, who will decide the fate of South Africa. He is the core of nationalist power, and his tidy and logical mind has replaced the wider vision of the late General Smuts.

Where Smuts was content to accept *apartheid* as the normal social pattern, van der Merwe wants it as law. He wants it cut and dried. with each part of the community in a neat and acknowledged slot. He is not at all hostile to the natives. He has, indeed, a fine affection for them so long as they stay in their place. There are still cases of flogging on the farms, but opinion is turning against it.

Yet tension is sharper than it was. *Apartheid* is putting an edge on it. It had never occurred to the native to live next door to the *baas*. But when the *baas* turns round and says openly that never in a thousand years will the black man be fit to share a street with him, affection drains away. There was quite a lot of affection. There was an eighteenth-century atmosphere of loyalty between landlord and tenant, but that is beginning to crumble.

Something that was told to a friend of mine was a warning of distant thunder. He travels very widely in the Transvaal and employs a native driver. He is interested in what goes on, and his driver brings him the gossip that he would not hear for himself. And the question which rural natives are now asking each other is: "What is this thing called Communism?" I left van der Merwe at Pietersburg with the feeling that once again the forces of history might be chasing him.

THE RISING TIDE: II

The Torch Commandos

"FOR THEM, PEACE IN DISHONOR AND SERVITUDE WILL BE TOO HIGH A PRICE TO PAY FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WHITTLING AWAY OF FREEDOM"

ANDREW BOYLE

IF, instead of yielding to the recent verdict of the Supreme Court, President Truman had decided that he was well within his rights in seizing the steel mills, the political fat would obviously have been in the fire. And if, in defiance of all the dictates of common sense and prudence, the President had abolished the Supreme Court to replace it by a docile body of his own fashioning, his closest friends would probably have regarded it as an act of political charity to get him removed quietly—and certified.

Mr. Boyle, a member of the staff of the British Broadcasting Corporation, contributes regularly to American publications.

Yet this is broadly what Dr. Malan, the seventy-eight-year-old Prime Minister of South Africa, has managed to do without loss of office or apparent challenge to his sanity. And in virtually scrapping the Constitution of his country, he has divided his countrymen into two hostile factions. Tension has been stretched to snapping-point. Parliamentary democracy has been rendered down to a ghostly shadow of its former self, and there are those who wonder if it can survive.

The immediate cause of the crisis was the Nationalist Government's Bill to put colored voters of the Cape Province—one of the four constituent territories of the

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Union of South Africa—on a separate electoral roll. The Bill aroused little interest in the outside world when it was introduced in the Cape Parliament last year, but it began to attract attention when it was strenuously contested at every stage.

The headlines of the Western press have proved a rough but ready guide to the depth of political passion stirred up by the South African Prime Minister's inflexible attitude. Indians and Africans, as well as colored people, have sunk their differences to form a united front against the Government. Through their national organizations, set up originally to defend downtrodden, inarticulate millions against the discrimination of white rulers and employers, they have embarked on a campaign of civil disobedience.

As yet they have refused to be drawn into the direct struggle between the Nationalist Government and the official Opposition forces largely because that struggle still appears to them as a "white man's fight for supremacy." But by public demonstrations, protests, public speeches and mass-meetings, the United Party with its allies of the Labor Party and the unique "Torch Commando" movement has shown that Dr. Malan will not prevail without an eventual showdown. And in Natal, undoubtedly the most "British-minded" of the four territories of the South African Union, a secession movement is rapidly gaining public support.

THE "Torch Commando"—which got is name from the spectacular torch-light parades that are a feature of its open-air manifestations—is the youngest and most vigorous member of the anti-Government alliance. Its leader is a wartime Spitfire pilot of the Royal Air Force, Group Captain Adolph Malan, a distant blood-relative of the Prime Minister's but a man far removed from him in ideals and aspirations.

Captain Malan founded the "Torch Commando" to safeguard the interests of returning veterans like himself who were the object of extremist resentment and exploitation. For Dr. Malan and many of his supporters opposed the part played by South African volunteers in World War Two. They regarded such intervention as a betrayal of their cause—the development of the Union on the model of the old Boer Republics, untrammelled by the British Commonwealth connection, unhindered by the cautious liberalism which admits the political rights of all men regardless of the color of their skin. The much-decorated Afrikaans Group Captain established his new organization with the help of his employer, the multi-millionaire of the Rand gold mines, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer; and now that its first aim has been accomplished, it has come out in open defense of the Constitution as the greatest reflector of public opinion the Union has ever seen.

The Government fears and hates the "Torch Commando" and is considering the political wisdom of outlawing it, using force if necessary to disband it. For his part, the courageous and altruistic "Young Malan" has warned that he and his quarter of a million followers will "meet action with action," should further unconstitutional measures be taken to silence them. The "Torch Commando" exists, they say, only to defend the Constitution and to resist despotic attacks upon it.

It is clear that while Dr. Malan has a narrow parliamentary majority to sustain him, and the police and armed forces to back him, half the electorate at least is against him. The "Torch Commando" sees its task as mobilizing opinion against the Government so that when the nation goes to the polls again next year the Prime Minister and his baneful policy will be rejected. Nonetheless, there is reason to fear that the authorities are in no mood to allow the Group Captain to carry on unmolested. His organization has been branded as "the private army of the Opposition." And in the present atmosphere of suspicion and recrimination, a false move on either side could precipitate violence.

MANY South Africans believe that the new High Court and the exploitation by the Government of the law against Communist activity will, between them, be set to work to crush all opposition, bit by bit. Already some trade union leaders have been arrested, non-white spokesmen deprived of civil rights, and a newspaper suppressed.

Dr. Malan's determination to establish a Republic will brook no delay, no criticism. He has put himself above the law in his effort to re-create a South Africa in accordance with the dreams of his Boer forefathers, not caring that among his most dogged political foes are many of Afrikaans descent like himself. If blood flows through the unleashing of civil strife, it is clear that the fight will not be between two different racial groups of white men.

It is equally clear that for Group Captain Malan and his political associates peace in dishonor and servitude will be too high a price to pay for the progressive whittling away of freedom. They realize that a wide audience is following every phase of the crisis, not only the free citizens from London to Los Angeles, but the two hundred million native peoples in other parts of Africa who are dimly aware that their future is involved in the constitutional drama now unfolding far to the South.

The men of the Kremlin must be watching, too. They know well that equal rights for all are not secured simply by the overthrow of a despot, either in a General Election or by civil war. Even if Dr. Malan's dangerous delusions are shattered, something more than paper pledges and broken promises to the millions of black South Africans must be put in their place. Otherwise the Union's hour of real testing will only be deferred.

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The Passing of The American Village

MORRISON COLLADAY

THERE are about ten thousand incorporated and forty-five thousand unincorporated villages of less than a thousand population in the rural areas of this country. These little towns are slowly dying, though they are hard to kill. They lose many of their young people but the older folk have nowhere else to go. How they manage to exist in a world that seems to have no place for anything between the corporate farm and the city suburb puzzles even their inhabitants.

The problem of the small farm is simpler. If the operator can't make a living he either abandons his property—in which case it is eventually sold for taxes —or he stops cultivating it and tries to support his family by whatever other work he can get. In either case the result is the same.

The small towns used to be prosperous enough. They were trading centers for the surrounding country in the days before automobiles became common and when the small farmers were thriving. In recent years, they have been badly hurt and the second World War increased their difficulties. Then a large proportion of the middle-aged men and women and the older girls drifted off to the manufacturing cities and high wages.

Practically all the heads of families in these villages are retired farmers and small businessmen. They had accumulated enough money to live comfortably before the war. Today their incomes are cut to less than half by increased prices. A growing inflation finds them helpless. They are now uncomfortably poor.

When the war was over, most of the service men came back, and so did the others from their city jobs. Since that time the various government payments to service men have kept considerable money in circulation and postponed the problem most of them still face as to how they are going to make a living. Many of the veterans were schoolboys when they left home, with no acquired skills to fall back on. A new crop of schoolboys is being taken by the draft and will present the same problem when they get home again—those who do come home.

Many of the older men, who were once casual farm laborers at the standard wage in the rural East of two dollars a day, during the war were making ten dollars a day and upward in city manufacturing plants. Now the small farmers are obliged to offer eight dollars a day, even more, when they must have help, and that means they are losing money in spite of inflated prices for farm products. These farmers prospered for a year or two after the war, but those in the Northeast and in many other regions were lucky to break even in '49 and '50, even with increased demand. This past year was disastrous to many of them. They have borrowed from the various government agencies until their credit is exhausted. Some fruit growers have no way today to buy such necessary supplies as spray materials.

Looking ahead, they see a closed export market and over-production for the domestic market. Last spring a large part of the previous year's apple crop was still in cold storage warehouses. The cost to the grower averaged about two dollars a bushel, but the wholesalers were only offering from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

There will not be many jobs at eight dollars a day this year. A laborer in the country will be lucky if he gets four. He could still leave home as he did during the war years and get even higher wages than he did then, but as a rule he does not want to. The men who worked in the manufacturing plants during the war are indifferent to any offers that will take them away from home. They say they made plenty of money but they had to spend it all to live. They didn't save anything. They had to work hard and living conditions were bad. They don't want any more of the same thing.

HERE is a close-up of a village fairly typical of those in the rural Northeast. It lies back of the Hudson River a hundred miles or so north of New York. Call it Eastcamp—its inhabitants are conservative and may not care to have their community identified by name. Probably less than five hundred people live in the village proper today, but its post office serves a surrounding farming country with a population of several thousands.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is its apparent wealth. Most of the houses are large and expensive looking, standing in well-kept grounds. Seeing the present meagre business section, a stranger is apt to ask, "Where do these people get their money?"

It is a fruit growing country and today the only large business enterprises are two cold storage warehouses near the railroad station, which is a mile from the village center. There are also a farmer's cooperative, a coal dealer, a lumber yard, three grocery stores, a drug store, a real estate and insurance concern, two garages, a barbershop, a "hotel" and two doctors. A few years ago there were dozens of stores and small businesses, including a bank, a weekly newspaper and motion pictures in the Grange hall. Today you see the attractive bank building, but it is used jointly by the post office and the telephone exchange.

Down on the river front are two half destroyed docks where Hudson River steamers made daily stops before

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the era of motor trucks. That was when fruit was shipped to New York by boat. Today even the steamship lines no longer exist. At various towns along the river the old side-wheelers are tied up to piers, both piers and boats rotting away.

There is a fair-sized city ten miles from the village. Before the coming of the automobile and good roads, a trip there and back took nearly all day and was considered a waste of horse flesh that could be more usefully employed. But a few years ago a new highway was built which brought the city within twenty minutes of the village.

The city's merchants are progressive. They not only advertise in the two daily papers published there, which cover the village, but they circularize the villagers frequently. When they put on special events such as "dollar day" sales they frequently call up each person listed in the telephone book. The local stores with their limited volume of trade could not stand this kind of competition. Gradually, one after the other, they have gone out of business.

In the old days, during the fruit marketing season, between forty and fifty thousand dollars a day was paid to the local farmers by buyers on the spot. Incredible as the figures sound, they are correct. It was paid in the village and a fair proportion of it was spent there. Today fruit is shipped by truck to New York commission houses, and the payment is only a small fraction of the amounts received by farmers in the old days.

During the years of the depression, fruit farming didn't pay expenses, which are always heavy, involving as they do the cost of pruning, fertilizing, spraying and picking. Orchards were allowed to deteriorate, and when that happens they usually can't be brought back to profitable production. Farms were sold for taxes. The local bank failed.

Many farms were abandoned to the city banks that held mortgages on them. The banks offered these practically rent-free to anyone who would work them, in some cases even providing tractors and spraying equipment in an effort to protect their investment. Four different tenants have tried unsuccessfully to make a living on one of these rundown farms.

THESE facts indicate clearly that Eastcamp has not been flourishing in recent years. Even so, it had adjusted itself more or less to existing conditions. It had no future but it looked as if it might survive for years as a comfortable place to live. Then came the war. Farmers were unable to get help to harvest their crops during the war. On the farm nearest this writer, five thousand bushels of tomatoes rotted on the ground in 1946. Except for its fruit, that farm has remained unplanted since.

Most of those who left Eastcamp during the war are home and they want to stay home. But how can they? What can they do to make a living? It will take years to bring back the neglected fields and orchards to the point where they can offer a living to anyone. Even with government aid, what business can a service man establish in a little town like Eastcamp that will support him?

There are over a hundred ex-G.I.'s there. Four have opened two new garages, one a real estate and insurance office, another a roadside restaurant. Most of the others are waiting, taking occasional jobs, though they are not certain what they are waiting for.

The conditions in Eastcamp are duplicated in the little towns in other parts of the country. The Rockefeller Foundation furnished money for a study of the problem, based on an experiment in making a number of small Montana towns self-supporting and prosperous. The results were interesting and attracted wide attention. However, such studies cost money and when the Rockefeller grant was exhausted, the Montana legislature refused to provide funds for continuation of the work.

Now the little towns in Montana are back where they were when the experiment started. Unfortunately, their plight is shared by thousands of other little towns all over the country. Towns die slowly, but they do die, and today the blight has attacked too many of them.

FROM SPAIN

Eclipse of the Falange

THERE has been an American military mission of about fifty experts, headed by General August Kissner, in Madrid since last year. When its members are asked why they are in Spain they say: "The Spaniards have the ball." When Spanish officers talk about the American mission they say: "The Americans have the ball." So far, Spain has received only forty million dollars of American aid, in addition to the sixty million granted through the Export-Import Bank. The whole country has received less than has been granted one Italian enterprise, the Fiat works in Turin. Cracking jokes about it, the Spaniards say: "If only we had a sizable, well organized and aggressive Communist Party in the country! Then the Americans would have given us any amount of dollar aid, practically without conditions, and we probably would be respected NATO members. . . ."

Well-informed foreign observers in Spain usually

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agree that power in the country is roughly divided as follows: sixty per cent of it belongs to the Army, thirty per cent to the Church and ten per cent to the Falangists, who are the Blueshirts or Spanish Fascists. This means that the Army runs the country, especially since one of its representatives is the Dictator-Chief of State.

The Army, however, is in many aspects completely unknown outside of Spain, and it is difficult for a foreigner to get near enough to it to see how it has developed since the Civil War. The estimate of it that follows is what I, as a foreigner, could gather from my visits to military academies, barracks, and camps in Madrid, Toledo and Zaragoza, combined with some surprisingly straightforward talks with high Spanish officers, as well as with industrial workers from the poor suburbs of Barcelona who had been recalled for military service.

Spain is able to mobilize approximately two million well-trained soldiers, each of whom has had military service of from eighteen months to two years. These shabbily uniformed soldiers are of the same kind of primitive and tough human stock as the Yugoslavs, the Greeks, the Turks, or the Russians. They have proved it during the Civil War—on both sides.

The officers, including the NCO's, number fifty-four thousand. They receive an excellent training, and undoubtedly represent a real elite. Their pay is miserable compared with American standards, but they have other advantages in food, lodging, medical service and pensions. Franco himself favors them above any other group of Spanish citizens, and enormous sums are spent yearly for new military academies, schools, training grounds, swimming pools, sanatoriums, clubs and beaches reserved for the officers. They are largely recruited from the bourgeois or petty bourgeois class, but there are possibilities for selected sons of peasants and workers to get in as well. The military career is no longer the exclusive property of the aristocracy that it was before the Civil War.

In spite of the miserable pay, a certain number of selected soldiers enlist for a period of at least three years, perhaps attracted by the other advantages. Very often these recruits are later incorporated into the different police organizations, which are thus to a large extent born out of the Army. The police are omnipresent in Spain, and their primitive, but sometimes surprisingly efficient methods, are similar in more than one respect to those of the Turkish police. The police and the army between them account for as much as fifty-five per cent of the budget, an enormous sum.

The real ruling class in Spain is therefore this class-conscious bourgeois warrior caste. It personifies itself in Franco, and, at least up to this point, is loyal to him, grateful for all that he has done for it. It sees itself as a tutor for the laboring class, which, since the excesses of the Civil War, it considers unable to take care of itself. It treats the proletariat rather roughly, being firmly convinced that in countries with a traditionally low standard of living the proletariat is bound to live in misery under any regime, be it capitalist or Communist. Individual representatives of the proletariat are allowed, and even encouraged, to rise socially, but only if they behave nicely, and become bourgeois in their turn.

It is obvious enough that the proletariat resents this suffocating guardianship, but it seems utterly incapable of throwing it off. Its Communist leaders are all in prison or in exile. These leaders are a general staff without an army, and the Spanish proletariat is an army with no other general staff than its bourgeois masters.

THE technique of screening for Communists is highly developed in Spain, particularly in the Army. A secret non-political organization exists in every regiment in order to track down any Communist or fellow-traveler, and only the colonel is informed about how it works. Technically, it is inspired by German blueprints, which are considered the most efficient in the world for this purpose, and its connections with the police are very close. Downright unreliable elements are concentrated in special disciplinary units in Spanish Morocco and used for the same work as conscientious objectors in other countries. Even soldiers who never in their lives have shown any sympathies for Communism, but whose environment and family record during the Civil War are not spotless, have special files and are closely watched.

The work of this organization is gradually getting easier, for now only the men in the Army's second reserve have ever had any personal experience with the way the Communist Party works. The men in the first reserve are too young to remember much, and the last classes have only heard about it as a legend. On top of this, anti-Communist political indoctrination is a part of the theoretical training during the military service. Therefore the two million soldiers of Spain are undoubtedly the least Communist-contaminated in Europe today.

Their equipment is terribly obsolete. Some of it, like the armored cars taken from the enemy during the Civil War, rightly belongs in a military museum. But the Spanish officers do not seem to care too much. The main thing for them is the human material, and the old-fashioned arms are considered to be good enough for the training of that human material. According to these officers, the difference between the Spanish Army and the other European armies is precisely this, that the former has poor equipment but a solid human material, whereas the latter has modern arms but poor human material.

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What is the use of modern arms, they say, when the people who man them are without spirit, mercenary, and probably unreliable in any war against the Communist East? In their view, the Americans are now helping their European allies to eliminate Communism in exactly the same way the Spanish did it. They see no difference whatsoever, and even feel they might be able to give some useful tips. The Spanish officers feel that the Allies have finally realized that there is no other way to stop Communist terror than by counter-terror. Therefore, they say they would be very much obliged—and this sentiment is voiced with some resentment—if the people who still talk about "Fascist Spain" would be consistent now and shut up.

Here we come to the sore point: is not Spain a Fascist country, an undemocratic creation of Hitler and Mussolini? There certainly are Fascists in Spain: the Blueshirts or Falangists. But the amazing thing is that the Fascists have been cheated by Franco as shrewdly as he cheated both Hitler and Mussolini, after having received their help. Franco's association with Nazi Germany resulted very largely in advantages for Spain and losses for Germany, from the period during the war when he successfully defended Spain from German economic control to the time towards the end of it when he confiscated so much German property that it is still a matter of bitter dispute between the two countries. But somehow the story of how Franco turned the Spanish Fascists from national heroes into useful and unimportant scapegoats is not widely known.

JUST after the end of the Civil War, during which the Falangists had fought bravely, they prepared to imbue Spain with a Fascist ideology, exactly as had been done in Germany and Italy. Their clean-up of the Communists, carried out in cooperation with the Army and the Police, was as cruel as the Communist terror had been, and they were proud to be in the foreground. But when the dirty work was done, the people of Spain were fed up with terror, and discontent was widespread. Suddenly, a whispering campaign started from nowhere and grew more and more insistent that the Falangists had acted on their own, even against orders, and were alone responsible for the excesses. The Falangists stood before the people as accused and scapegoats, and they were unable to defend themselves openly—for how could they attack Franco and the Army?

The next blow to the Falangists came immediately afterwards. The reconstruction after the Civil War coincided with World War II, and due to bad organization and an enormous black market, the food situation grew rapidly desperate. Again discontent mounted all over the country, and a mysterious whispering campaign started blaming the Falangists. Again they were unable to defend themselves openly—for defense would have involved attacking Franco and the Army.

Finally, the neutralization of the Falangists coincided with the fall of the Axis Powers. Now they lead a strange peripheral existence and lack funds. They are still the only political party allowed in the country, but this has only made chronic the paralyzing elephantiasis from which they suffer. Many people without the slightest interest in the party are formally supposed to be members; included here are practically all the Army officers, who shrug their shoulders or crack nasty jokes about it. Franco still uses it from time to time, but only when "spontaneous outbursts of public opinion" have to be organized, or when there are other jobs to be done for which he does not wish to use the Army or the Police.

That is why the Spanish Fascists have only ten per cent of the power in Spain (if not less), why they are represented by only three of the fifteen ministers in Franco's shadow government. Their leaders, with whom I have had long, informal talks, are extremely bitter and pessimistic about the party's future. And that is why Spain is not a genuinely Fascist country, if one does not use that term in the sense the Communists like to give to it.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE STAGE

WISH YOU WERE HERE

"WISH You Were Here," the new musical for which Joshua Logan has served as co-producer, co-author, director, and choreographer, is listed as an adaptation of Arthur Kober's comedy, "Having Wonderful Time." The principal thing wrong with it is that it isn't any such thing. Mr. Kober's success of 1937 has, it is true, served as a sort of point of departure, and Mr. Kober has himself had a hand in the proceedings. But the musical comedy book which emerges has departed just far enough from the original to emasculate it, and not far enough to turn the whole shenanigans into a brand new show. Mr. Kober's Bronx vacationers are faintly present, but so faintly that you have to listen closely to catch the semi-Yiddish rhythms. The rest of the time they are overwhelmed by such non-denominational musical comedy stereotypes as "You're not looking for the moon; you're looking for the man in the moon"—this is read straight, and in 1952—and everything that was warm, funny, and affectionate in the original is smudged out.

By way of compensation, authors and producers have offered a ton of scenery—including a live-action swim-

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ming pool—and a vast number of hard-working youngsters. Most of these are unknown, and there is even a sense in which they are unidentifiable. Each of them fits so conventionally into the blandly outlined juvenile, ingenue, menace, and comedy relief roles as to blend right back into the scenery, and only Sheila Bond—whose part is nearest to something Kober might have written, and whose experience is considerably greater than that of the company's other members—really displays any authority.

Harold Rome has supplied some mildly pleasant music—notably a mock camp song, an attractive title number, and a rousing get-together tune called "Everybody Love Everybody"—but a lot of the time he is hewing rather too closely to the book to achieve any marked musical freedom or inventiveness, and when he does get a little breathing-space—as in a comic set-piece labeled "Don Jose"—he seems to fall below his own earlier standard as a satirical lyricist.

Logan's staging is sharp and fast, but it is awfully cold-blooded for the rollicking picnic mood which seems to have been intended. He has handled his people too slickly for sentiment, and, though there are any number of attractive mass compositions, genuine choreography is conspicuous by its absence.

On the whole, the things that have gone wrong with "Wish You Were Here" were summarized for me by a moment in a summer-camp dance hall. The curtain parts to reveal a stageful of dancing couples moving in half-light against the in-and-out glitter of a revolving globe. If the image is intended as a straight effect, it is strictly Fanchon and Marco 1927. If it is intended as a nostalgic reminder of the special atmosphere dreamt up by second-rate summer resorts, it fails to make its point. "Wish You Were Here" is caught somewhere between corn and character—and it hasn't quite the courage of either. (*At the Imperial*)

WALTER KERR.

THE SCREEN

HOW NOW BROWN COW

WHEN the English put their minds to it, they are better than anyone else at kidding themselves. Hollywood has its good satirical directors like Chaplin and Preston Sturges, and clowns like Hope, Skelton and the Marx Brothers, who successfully rib us and our times, but we have no group of films quite like those little English gems ("Passage to Pimlico," "Tight Little Island," "The Man in the White Suit," "I Know Where I'm Going") that go out of their way to point out and laugh at foibles which we think of as typically British.

The latest addition to this English group of films combining comedy and adventure is called "Island Rescue." It concerns, believe it or not, the rescue of a cow captured by the Germans during World War II. Venus is no ordinary cow; she has a pedigree as impressive as that of most royal families and, what's more, the calf she's carrying was sired by Mars, a champion bull that later unfortunately stepped on a time bomb. Great things are expected of Venus, but of course when the Germans take the English Channel island of Amorel in 1940, they don't know they are also getting this prize.

The scenes showing the intensely sincere English swinging into action are wonderfully handled by Director Ralph Thomas. In Number Ten Downing Street, the War Office, and the Department of Agriculture, officials, "clarks" *et al.*, scurry about, concerned with Operation Venus which finally sends out a commando mission in a submarine: a major (David Niven) and several uniformed assistants including a young lady (Glynis Johns) who was a native of Amorel.

What happens is as amusing and exciting as anything I've seen in the movies in a long time. The script, derived from Jerrard Tickell's novel, *Appointment with Venus,* was written by Nicholas Phipps with bright wit. And Betty Box's whole production successfully mixes the serious tone of the war situation with a jaunty British air of getting the job done even if it does seem a little silly. Or, as David Niven puts it, "We expected blood, tears, toil and sweat—but not Venus."

The large cast, as is so often the case with English films, is good throughout. Barry Jones as the grim provost of Amorel is effectively contrasted with George Coulouris as the cold, intellectualized German captain who is stern with his island prisoners but understanding. David Niven, who fortunately left his coy mannerisms in Hollywood, and Glynis Johns, who is one of the most enchanting actresses in the movies, turn in excellent performances and never let the romantic touches get heavy. "Island Rescue" is full of surprises all along the line. All in all, this comedy stands up with the best which the British have sent us.

IT isn't fair, of course, to compare a mediocre Hollywood product with top-drawer English satire, but you have to call your shots as you see them. "3 for Bedroom C" is such a feeble attempt at humor it isn't even in the mediocre class. Gloria Swanson, who gave a brilliant performance as the aging actress in "Sunset Boulevard" (but did not win an Oscar when the prizes were awarded in 1951), now attempts to satirize an aging actress who did win an Oscar and somehow thinks she's a youthful Sarah Bernhardt. In a flutter of temperament, she and her young daughter (Janine Perreau) appropriate the bedroom on the Super Chief belonging to a

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bio-chemist. James Warren never really has a chance in this role of a naive scientist who falls in love with this actress without realizing who she is; not even bio-chemists can be that unaware of Hollywood, especially handsome ones.

It is hard to tell who should be blamed for the complete failure of "3 for Bedroom C." Obviously Director-writer Milton H. Bren didn't have a free hand or he never would have allowed the glamorous Miss Swanson to employ a comedy technique that went out with Mack Sennett. The picture does pick up, however, in a couple of scenes showing Fred Clark and Hans Conried cavorting as Hollywood press agents; and the most laughs are won by Steve Brodie's portrayal of Conde Marlow, an uncouth stage actor who desires a streetcar but condescends to appear in a movie.

FANS of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis probably think the boys can do no wrong. Less enthusiastic moviegoers will find their newest vehicle pretty routine. In "Jumping Jacks," the comedians make like paratroopers. Dean smuggles civilian Jerry into camp for a big show; and Jerry proves to be such an awful soldier he's immediately made a corporal. This leads to unlimited farcical possibilities, most of which are pushed to the extreme. If you like Dean's singing and Jerry's clowning, you'll have a good time; otherwise, look out. The disappearing sandwich routine, however, would make even the Great Stone Face laugh.

THERE are plenty of laughs in "Washington Story," a timely political comedy-drama which, if it doesn't do anything else, should make voters think about voting and then get out and vote. Its script, reminiscent of some of those fine old Frank Capra scenarios about the great American boy (Mr. Smith or Mr. Deeds) who always comes through at the end, was written and directed by Robert Pirosh. It's about an honest Congressman (Van Johnson) who refuses to talk to the press because they always distort a story. An aggressive reporter (Patricia Neal), determined to find the skeleton in his closet, tags along after Joe to get material for a piece she's doing on him. She not only falls in love with Joe, but she acquires a new respect for how hard Congressmen work.

In spite of the fact that the plot seems a little labored at times, Producer Dore Schary has given his picture much good Washington local color. Louis Calhern is in top form as the Representative from Indiana; and Van Johnson isn't one bit more boyscoutish as "the gentleman from Massachusetts" than Gary Cooper or Jimmy Stewart—or several of the real thing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

RELIGION AND THE SCIENTIST

IN its June issue, *Blackfriars,* the monthly review edited by the English Dominicans (34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1), carries an article called "Science and the Trinity" by Cecily Hastings. The following is an excerpt.

> The assertion that what a scientist does is unaffected by his beliefs rests on the assumption that 'what he does' means merely 'what he can be observed to be doing.' The most careful observer watching a scientist in his laboratory might be quite unable to tell from his actions whether he were a Catholic, an atheist, or something else. But if he were in fact consciously, in humility, studying the effects of the creative and conserving power of the Blessed Trinity manifest in some particular form of matter, he would be, *in fact,* 'doing the truth.' Whereas if he were studying it in the conviction that it was a piece of a causeless, reasonless universe that just happens to be and is itself the ultimate fact, he would be, unconsciously, acting a lie.
>
> In other words, two such men would not be doing the same thing at all, though the results of their researches as recorded for the world's benefit might be precisely the same. But ultimately, perhaps, even such results might not be precisely the same. Is it too much to hope that if some scientists are consciously reading the universe as the work of God, that universe may possibly become again, even to the man-in-the-street, 'God's book of nature'? . . .
>
> The universe finds a voice to reach the ends of the world in those men who have the expert knowledge to read its revelation of knowledge aright: and if the message is rightly delivered, its content is the glory of God and His craftsmanship. It is not a question of seeking to *impose* 'edifying' or apologetically useful interpretations on natural phenomena; it is merely a question of proclaiming them faithfully with an everpresent awareness of what in fact they are.
>
> That anything *is*—the scientist, his telescope and the stars beyond it, the living cells under his microscope and the microscope itself—that any of this exists, that it has being, is the gift of God. That this is so, we know. The realisation that it must be so is a difficult, mind-stretching problem whose solution can never be adequately expressed. There seems a correspondence between this aspect of being and God the Father. *Deus absconditus,* the Source in the Godhead. That anything *is,* that

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all these things exist, is something which, in their worship of Him Who Is, scientists, like the rest of us, must at once take for granted and wonder at. It is a dark and impenetrable, because irreducible, fact. In contrast, there seems something more transparent in that aspect of being with which I suppose scientists are particularly concerned—how it can be understood, how it works, how it is interrelated. Here it is natural to think chiefly of God the Son, the Word, the Wisdom of God—'Bold is her sweep from world's end to world's end, and everywhere her gracious ordering manifests itself' (Wisdom 8, 1). It is only possible for any scientist, however atheist, to enter into an intelligent relationship with the universe at all because that universe is the work of Divine Wisdom—because the day *has* a secret to echo, and the night a revelation of knowledge.

It is most reasonable to say that science is bound by a methodological statute of theism. The most atheist scientist is in fact assuming that what he is studying makes ascertainable, unself-contradictory sense to his questioning reason. But, strangely enough, it seems to be assumed that the more intrinsic to the universe the work of Wisdom can be found to be, the less reason there can be to regard it as the work of Wisdom. If we could regard the motion of the planets as something rather awkwardly imposed upon them, implied Bertrand Russell in *Why I am not a Christian,* it would be reasonable to regard it as the work of Divine Wisdom. But when we come to learn more of their gracious ordering, and more complex Einsteinian formulae can represent it to us more adequately in its internal operation, then, oddly and inexplicably, we may recognise it as Divine Wisdom no longer.

But there is no reason why Catholic scientists should feel bound to accept three-quarters or so of such assumptions, merely making some reservations regarding other departments of knowledge. They have been introduced by the Word made flesh into the life of the eternal Trinity, creator of all into which they inquire. Despite its 'pre-scientific' imagery, the invitation of the Word in the eighth chapter of Proverbs seems to be especially for them: 'I was there when he built the heavens, when he fenced in the waters . . . when he poised the foundations of the world. I was at his side, a master-workman, my delight increasing with each day, as I made play before him all the while: made play in the world of dust, with the sons of Adam for my play-fellows.'

Every advance in scientific knowledge is the catching and throwing of an invisible ball passing to and fro between the scientific sons of Adam and God the Creator. Must the game be played as though one of the players were not there?

BOOKS

The Achievement of the Modern Poet

POETRY IN OUR TIME. By Babette Deutsch. Holt. $6.

By PATRICK F. QUINN

IN this guidebook to the poetry of the past fifty years, Miss Deutsch begins her survey with Hardy, ends it with Auden, and somehow manages to discuss, touch on, or at least name approximately one hundred and fifty other poets, American, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish and Australian, who have published verse during the last half-century.

Fortunately, the emphasis in all this is on the poetry. Miss Deutsch is not especially interested in the biographies of the poets, personal rivalries and friendships among them, or any of the anecdotal chit-chat that is supposed to "humanize" them as people, but that usually only distracts attention from their achievements as poets. Avoiding all the cheap devices of popularization, *Poetry in Our Time* is concerned only with its subject. And is so not in order to display some tricky new interpretations of modern verse, but rather to trace its rise and growth and to make this verse more accessible to the intelligent reader.

Most of the attention is given to the major poets. Almost every chapter is built around a dominant figure —Pound, for example, or Yeats—whose work most fully illustrates one or more of the significant trends of modern poetry, and whose work is accordingly used by Miss Deutsch to polarize her commentary on later and usually minor writers. Thus in Chapter 10, one of the best, a discussion of Hopkins leads into a brief examination of details in the poetry of MacNeice, Day Lewis, MacDiarmid, Wilbur and others. The real distinction of the book lies in the skill with which, in the individual chapters, such filiations are sketched. We tend to think of modern poetry as equivalent to a handful or two of distinguished names. Miss Deutsch, however, deals with her subject in terms of bushel baskets, each one astutely packed, with all the best produce on top. One would have to be uncommonly knowledgeable about modern poetry not to come away instructed from the exhaustive inventory which this book makes.

The inventory would be more memorable if the book had a more definite structure and if the author's taste were not quite so catholic. The thirteen separate chapters take the

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coherent form of theme and variations. Together, they take the less coherent form of a set of self-contained essays on the various poets, schools, experiments and emphases that have mushroomed up on the poetic terrain since 1900. These essays follow one another on the basis of what seems to be chronological order, but there is so little organic relationship among them that they may as well be read in any sequence one likes. One will still get from them a sense of the profuse variety of modern poetry, and the over-all picture that results will be no more blurred.

No matter how one reads *Poetry in Our Time,* one has to admire the author's generous serenity. And yet one would like to catch at least an occasional whiff of the acrid smoke of controversy. If only the book had some kind of plot, some conflict and excitement, drama, at least *one* villain! But no. And lacking these the book very nearly lacks life. Are there no poets, among so many, with whom Miss Deutsch will deal severely? Apparently not. For her, it seems, every poet has something to contribute; and she, on her side, has a prize of some sort for them all.

This is certainly a democratic way of appraising poetry in our time, but the reader for whom this book was written would perhaps have been better served by a more incisive, selective, and even trenchant study of the subject. That reader, I should think, will become impatient with a book that covers so much ground and sustains insistently so affirmative a note.

Subversion in the East

RED FLAG IN JAPAN. By Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer. Harvard. $5.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

A FEW weeks ago, I heard a high-ranking State Department official give an amazingly optimistic analysis of the Far Eastern situation. He said, among other things, that order has been restored in Indonesia; in reality, the best intelligence estimates put the present membership of Darul Islam, a fanatical Moslem organization now fighting government forces in West Java, at one hundred and twenty thousand—one of the largest irregular armies in the world. It occurred to me that he ought to read fewer despatches and more newspapers, and I listened in a skeptical frame of mind to the rest of his talk. He further revealed that Communism in Japan has been losing ground lately, and that the recent Communist-led riots are signs of weakness rather than of strength.

If the gentleman from the State Department reads *Red Flag in Japan,* he will find that his views on the decline of Communism in Japan are almost on a par with his Indonesian howler. In June, 1950, to be sure, the members of the Japanese Communist Party's Central Committee were purged from public life, their official organ *Akahata* (Red Flag) was suspended, "open party" membership began to decline, and the government began to screen its employees to weed out Communists.

On the other hand, Swearingen and Langer point out that

> Communist underground activities in Japan detected since the beginning of the Korean war have included the formation and training of guerrilla units, the systematic gathering of intelligence information (including the mapping of certain strategic areas), the infiltration of Japanese security agencies and of U. S. occupation offices and establishments, and the distribution of clandestine literature printed in Japan and abroad.
>
> The size of the Communist underground . . . cannot easily be established. It may consist of as many as twenty-five thousand men . . . the ratio of secret to acknowledged members appears to have increased markedly during 1950 and 1951. . . . Although . . . substantial loss in registered strength must be attributed in part to the voluntary withdrawal of lukewarm Communists and to social and economic pressure exerted by the increasingly anti-Communist attitude of the Japanese authorities, there can be no doubt that the Party's policy of transferring members to the secret category has been at least as important a factor.

I fail to see much room for complacency with regard to these trends.

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The authors state that a non-Communist magazine reported, four days before the invasion of South Korea that at a secret Japanese Communist conference in April an invasion had been announced for the beginning of the rainy season (i.e. in June). I wonder which, if any, of our intelligence agencies picked up this bit of information.

Although most readers are likely to feel the greatest interest in the last chapters of the book, which deal with recent developments such as these, it should also be noted that the early chapters give the clearest and fullest account of the early history of the Japanese Communist Party to be found in English, so far as I know.

To anyone who wants to understand the strengths and weaknesses of Communism in what is, even after a catastrophic military defeat, the strongest non-Communist nation in Asia, *Red Flag in Japan* is highly recommended. There is no other work on the same subject which can compare with it in scope and objectivity.

Heroine in India

RAGE OF THE SOUL. By Vincent Sheean. Random House. $3.50.

By SERGE HUGHES

SHE never knew the truth was in her heart until she went to India. There, in India, she met wise men, and among them, the Wise Man. The wise men and the Wise Man showed her how to look into Herself, to recognize that Life is Holy, that the Bad was only a lower stage of the Good. She had had troubles before she made that discovery. Charles, for example, her husband. Mr. What's-his-name, who had confused things terribly by being caught with her in adultery. The captain of the liner. But above all, she realized after she went to India, the trouble was with herself. Yes, herself. But could she help it if deep within her raged a storm which buffeted her soul around like mad and in which her body leapt forth like some wild animal unleashed? She was truly in bad shape. She needed Peace.

I imagine it could happen to any one of us, for every one of us has felt his or her soul raging like hell, only we have no real wise man in the neighborhood. Ours is indeed a tragic fate. How often have two people who love each other deeply, just because they love each other so deeply, hurt one another. How many times after a husband or a wife has been caught in someone else's arms, has the inability to explain oneself made for such bad feelings. It's a problem.

It is this problem which the heroine of *Rage Of The Soul* really solves. She discovers Herself. She discovers Her Heart. And she discovers that who is in her heart of hearts but Charles, her husband, who really doesn't like painting at all, but pines to go back to the diplomatic service and to his wife. The heroine, the hero, are serene at the end.

There is one peculiarly arresting passage towards the close of the novel. The heroine is asked if sex is God. By this time she knows the answer. "Yes," she says, firmly clasping the glass in her hand, "and all is God." The closing sentence, too, is luminous, or half-luminous, at any rate. The heroine and Charles, reconciled, happy, look up together at "the all-seeing and naught-remembering stars." Keats-like, isn't it?

Fabulous Journeys

LANDS BEYOND. By L. Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley. Rinehart. $4.75.

By GARY MacEOIN

DASHING rapidly through twenty-five hundred years of the history of geography, this book unscrambles many extraordinary stories told by explorers, and still more amazing additions of their biographers. Travelers always did their share of bragging and lying, but many myths resulted from innocent misinterpretation of actual sights, misunderstanding of word-of-mouth reports, and mistranslation of documents. Such myths were at different times accepted as geographical facts, to the point of materially

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THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD, V

"America is rich and sunk deep in the love of material things. And American workers, despite the poverty of too many of them, are not poor in spirit, but spend their days longing to be rich so that they can sink themselves ever deeper in the love of material things. But this is no cause for despair. It may be that this is necessary before we can save our national soul. It is difficult for a people which has not known wealth to turn its back on wealth, to pass through it, to rise above it. The Europeans are certainly less vulgar than the Americans, but it is by no means clear that taken by and large they are a more spiritual people. . . .

"Even so, we cannot assume that because we are, as a nation, rich, therefore we are going to turn our backs on riches and start amazing the world with our sanctity. The rich young man in the Gospel went away sad. And we have not even brought ourselves to the point where we know enough to ask, "Good Master, what shall I do to gain eternal life?" Because we are tempted, it does not follow that we are better than those who are not tempted. Nor does it follow that we will ever learn to resist temptation.

"In our social life here in America we find the same devotion to false principles, most of which find their roots in an individualism which ranges from rugged to mildly bumpy. Community life has almost died. Each lives to himself alone; in the cities the next door neighbor is not one to be cultivated, but avoided like the plague, lest he afflict you with either boredom or appeals for help."

—JOHN C. CORT
in The Commonweal
January 4, 1952

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Some of the research which supports the debunking is hardly more than skin-deep, being particularly light when it comes to myths of the American continent. Thus, the Spaniards are presented as having overthrown great civilizations with a cruelty, perfidy and villainy "hard to match from the history of any age or nation." In fact, they buried dead civilizations, while their cruelties, perfidies and villainies are all too easy to match without having to think back even ten years.

The net result is a series of essays or dissertations rather than a unity. Readers of many tastes and interests may find one or other chapters entertaining and informative, but the book as a whole is for more specialized groups, teen-age boys, professional geographers and folklorists, and authors of science fiction and of novels of fantasy in search of atmosphere.

Warning Voice

LIBERTY OR EQUALITY. By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. The Caxton Printers. $6.

By WILLIAM P. CLANCY

DARK warnings against the dangers to civilization presented by the rise to power of the "mass man" are not new. Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of The Masses* has already achieved the position of a classic indictment of this phenomenon.

The latest addition to this literature of foreboding is *Liberty or Equality* by the Austrian Catholic writer, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

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His thesis is contained in the title: the dichotomy between the two concepts of personal liberty and political democracy is the key to the riddle of our times, and, unless it be solved, the world is headed toward catastrophe and enslavement.

The author's pursuit of this thesis leads him into wide sociological, philosophical, and theological speculations. He sees the concept of democracy (equalitarianism) as particularly suited to a milieu of Protestant "conformity," but basically antipathetic to a culture of Catholic "anarchy." Kuehnelt-Leddihn's illumination of this argument is unusually interesting—even if it is not always particularly convincing.

Like others, Kuehnelt-Leddihn sees the rise of the mass man, and the increasingly universal imposition of his standards, as the road to slavery. Indeed, political democracy, in his view, *inevitably* ends in slavery. The nature of "equality" is distructive of all which is original, passionate, and free; it forces on whole cultures the dull conformity of the tried, the "rational" and the mediocre. The glorification of the "average man" and of the *ordinary* citizen, are the death of liberty.

Political democracy, according to the author's thesis, may succeed in a Protestant milieu, because the Protestant mentality is basically a conformist one, given to the rejection of absolutes and the acceptance of compromise. The Catholic spirit, on the other hand, is intellectually absolutist, but personally individualistic and socially anarchical. The attempt to impose parliamentary democracy and social equality on a Catholic culture can therefore lead only to chaos or dictatorship:

> It is precisely the contempt Catholic cultures have for the concept of compromise, the "fifty-fifty" so indispensable for parliaments with a plurality system, which degrades the figure of democratic politicians in the public eye more than in Protestant countries . . . . Modern Protestantism on the other hand has developed a real enthusiasm for the ideals of "neighborliness", "cooperation" and "solidarity."

The only salvation which Kuehnelt-Leddihn sees for Western Civilization is a repudiation of the dangerous drive toward "equality". He admits that political democracy can not be supplanted in Protestant, Anglo-Saxon cultures, but he pleads that no further attempts be made to impose it as the *summum-bonum* on those Catholic nations and cultures which are radically inimical to it. For these he sees the restoration of limited monarchy and decentralized government as the only possible means of maintaining both order and freedom.

Liberty and Equality is more properly a series of essays than a wholly developed thesis, and some essays are of much greater value than others. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is at his best in his insights into the political temper of Catholic nations and in his diagnosis of the very real threat to civilization which a romantic and naive philosophy of equality offers.

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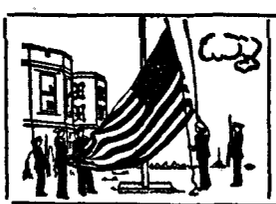

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He is weakest in his apparent inability to comprehend the unanswerable challenge which the mystique of democracy presents to the modern world (for to kill Rousseau is not to kill democracy), and in his attempts to make some absolute identification of Catholicism with anti-equalitarianism and the anarchist tradition. His identification of "liberty" with "individualism" (economic, apparently, as well as personal) is disconcerting, to say the least. The book is uneven—sometimes naive, sometimes poorly thought-out, and sometimes exasperatingly repetitious. But its genuine insights make it worth reading, despite its weaknesses.

THE FARMER TAKES A HAND. By Marquis Childs. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE impressive story of rural electrification in the United States, as Mr. Childs relates it, is most noteworthy on two counts. Unknown to most of us, American farms with electricity have shot up from a mere ten percent to over eighty percent in but fifteen years. Then, in a high proportion of instances, the required community and cooperative REA groups had to overcome, among other obstacles, the resistance of all-out, well-entrenched local public utilities. Since the late thirties life and labor on the American farm has undergone a major transformation, thanks to grassroots action of a most heartening vitality.

REVIEWERS

Patrick F. Quinn, a member of the English faculty at Wellesley College, has contributed to *The Hudson Review* and *The American Scholar*.

Harold C. Hinton is a member of the history department at Georgetown University and is active in the Catholic Association for International Peace.

Serge Hughes teaches modern languages at St. John's University in Brooklyn.

Gary MacEoin, the editor of *Hacienda*, writes widely on geographic problems.

Rep. Jacob K. Javits' review of "Republicanism Reappraised" by Roland N. Stromberg, which was scheduled for publication in this issue, will appear instead next week.

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